A GLOBUS TOUR

By Mrs. Rachel F. Lawson

St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, Scotland

H.M. The Queen. XT.46

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It was a rainy afternoon, June 21st. when I left Lynchburg by Piedmont jet to fly to Dulles Airport, Washington, where I would join a party for a 22 day Globus Tour of England, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavia and Scotland. Traveling with me was Mrs. Kilburney B. Holt, of Lynchburg, with whom I would share a room throughout the trip.

This tour was sponsored by The Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs, of which Mrs. Charles H. Peery of Tazewell, is president. Mr. E. Parker Brown of Richmond, ably served as our Tour Conductor, and was assisted by his wife, Emma, and Mrs. Peery. This "THREESOME", Parker, Emma, and Jane did a marvelous job which made our trip most enjoyable. I do know one think, they will never forget how to count to TWENTY-FIVE! Just how many times they counted our heads and luggage bags when checking in and out of planes, hotels and buses, it would be difficult to estimate. Of course, Travelmasters Inc., of Roanoke, of which Mrs. Odessa Bailey is president, had carefully and efficiently made all arrangements, far in advance of our trip, which simplified matters for our conductor. Without a hitch, reservations were awaiting us in the best hotels; delicious meals were served; place reservations were in order; there were comfortable buses, marked "Globus Tour" to meet us on arrival in each city, with an English speaking guide to conduct our tours. All tips were taken care of and the luggage delivered to our respective rooms unbelievably soon after our arrival. What more could one ask?

There were three men who braved this trip with twenty-two women!! They were Mr. Brown, Eugene P. Crumpler of Roanoke, and H. Manning Woodward of Louisa, each of whom were accompanied by their wives. The so called, 'fairer sex' felt pretty snug knowing that if a vote had to be taken on any matter which might arise, that "The EYES" would outnumber "The NOSE." No joking, they were gallant and I am positive that their patience was tested many times.

Our group, excited and anticipating, left Dulles at 7:35 P.M., Pan American jet flight 106/y, with 127 passengers aboard. Being on the superstitious side I frowned slightly when I was assigned to inside seat No. 13. Red lights began to flash - "No Smoking" - "Fasten Seal Belts." The "No Smoking" order did not bother me, but I was quite disturbed when I realized that my seat belt would not fasten. I called the always smiling stewardess, and while trying to fasten the belt she pulled it from the seat. She immediately ran for a man attendant and he remarked that he had never seen one act-up like that before. During this time the plane was fast warming up to take-off and morbid thoughts were cropping up in my mind - I recalled the $250,000.00 flight insurance policy in which I had invested and wondered if my four sons would collect. At this point the broken belt was replaced and fastened and I calmed down.

Immediately after we were in flight, the Captain welcomed us aboard, announced the altitude and rate of speed we would fly to London which would take six hours and fifteen minutes. We were then served a full course hot dinner; the trays were placed on board by caterers before leaving Washington. We soon settled down to rest, realizing that we were facing a brief night as London time is five hours in advance of ours. We enjoyed a smooth and uneventful flight.

Just before landing at 6:30 A.M., we were served a "Continental Breakfast," (I have a better name for it - a "DIET BREAKFAST".). My first impression of this city ran true to its reputation - Huge, Wet and Foggy. After clearing customs, we boarded our Globus Bus and were carried to The Mount Royal Hotel, Marble Arch.

This was an old but exceedingly busy hotel! We were readily assigned to our rooms which were not too up-to-date but clean and comfortable. Proving true to reputation, the plumbing fixtures were antiquated.

A sight-seeing tour was scheduled for 2:30 P.M. which would include Kingsway, Old Curosity Shop, Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's Cathedral, Guildhall, Mansion House, Tower of London, All Hallows Church, Blackfriars Bridge, Embankment, Trafalger and the Strand. This was a full four hour tour which I regretfully could not take as I had more

interesting plans which had to be Sunday afternoon or not at all.

In my travelogue, "Forty Days Behind The Iron Curtain With Mary Jane," describing a most interesting trip which I took as a representative of G. H. & E. Freydberg in 1967, I told of our 10 days in Prague, Czechoslovakia. It was in this city that I had assigned to me Hana Hornungova, an efficient and attractive interpreter. In this book is a picture of Hana and me standing in front of the "Mary Jane" Kiosk. Hana's husband is a skilled architect and they have two attractive teen-age daughters. Hana and I have kept up a correspondence since my return home.

Soon after the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, last August, I received a letter from Hana saying that she, her husband and daughters luckily escaped Praque by the way of Switzerland and had arrived in London where they had some friends to stay with until they could get settled. She said it was a BIG decision to leave their country and all belongings but they realized it was the only way for their daughters to live a free life and they were willing to make the sacrifice. I was so happy for them and replied immediately, telling her that I had worried so much for their safety after learning of the invasion.

When my itinerary for this trip was received, I wrote Hana just when I would arrived in London and the hotel in which we would be staying. Shortly after our arrival she called and said she and her daughters would be right over and invited Kilburney and I to return with them to their "flat" for a visit. They lost no time in traveling to the hotel by subway and I greeted them in the lobby with open arms. To cope with the weather, the three of them were wearing rain coats and carrying colorful umbrellas. The first words Hand said to me with a distinct "Czech" accent were, "How small (little) did I think I would see you another time when we bid good-bye in Prague!" The fast growing girls were beautiful with their rosy cheeks and happy faces. I had seen them several times while in Prague and fitted them out with dresses. I then realized that they had outgrown "Mary Jane" in the past two years. I carried them to my room and they were delighted with the clothes and other gifts I had brought.

I had written and asked Hana to suggest something the girls really wanted and needed. She modestly wrote that they would like to have bathing suits. I could not decipher the sizes which she sent so I gave each a Five Pound Note and told them to select their own bathing suits. (The exchange of our money in England is - One Pound = $2.40 and one Shilling = .12 cents.) They declared that amount would be more than ample with which to shop for their suits.

Hana, Kilburney, the girls and I boarded a subway near the hotel and traveled within walking distance to the Hornungova flat in Ealing Village, a district of London. Their living quarters were small but attractive and was furnished sparingly but with good taste. Hana's husband had displayed his wood-craftmanship by making a number of tables, benches, shelves and other pieces of furniture of which they were proud to "show-off".

Visiting them was Hana's mother-in-law with whome they lived in Prague. She had luckily obtained a visa for a two week visit and was returning the following week. She was timid and so happy to be re-united with her son and his family but did not regret having to return to Prague as she could not speak a word of English. Hana said her friends of long standing were awaiting her return. There were other guests who had escaped Prague also. We celebrated with a real "London Tea Party" on this rainy afternoon. Hana had made delicious pastries which she said "were especially for our visit."

After a most interesting and pleasant two-hour visit, (which Kilburney and I have declared one of the high-lights of our trip) Hana carried us by car to the subway station and gave us a map with directions where "to alight to be nearest our hotel." The clouds were getting darker, the atmosphere wetter and we felt a little frightened to be traveling in this huge city, not being too sure where to leave the subway.

By luck we did arrived within two blocks of our hotel!

Hana had told us that it was a MUST that we visit Marble Arch Square that same evening. In this Square anyone is free to make a soap-box speech, pro or con, on any subject they may wish, excepting The Royal Family. We left the subway right across the street from the Square. It was really frightening to see this mob of people, a majority of whom

were young people, and who could readily be branded as HIPPIES. There were groups of approximately 25 or 30 with the speakers standing on boxes, chairs, or tables, giving vent to their beliefs in dynamic tones to make sure that they could be heard over their competition. I shall never forget wandering around through the crowds hearing thoughts expressed by the speakers, which made my heart ache for these confused souls. By this time the rain was steady and it was getting dark. We went to the hotel where we joined our group for a nice dinner.

On Tuesday morning, after being served a "diet breakfast" in our room, we left for an all day excursion to Hampton Court Gardens, St. Georges Chapel and Oxford, where we toured two colleges. Our party was served lunch at The Estagate Hotel in Oxford. Across from the hotel I spied a small dress shop. Realizing that I had not brought enough warm clothes, I figured I could rush in and purchase a woolen dress before the bus was ready to leave. I inquired of the clerk what size she thought I would wear and after looking me over she said - "size 52." I was about to get furious when I realized that their sizes ran different from ours. I selected a navy blue and white striped woolen dress which I figured I could wear even though it was only a size 50. At this point the party was in the bus waiting for me. I hastily counted out 20 one-dollar bills and handed them to her, threw the dress over my arm and hastened to the bus. I left the pleasant clerk in a daze as if she thought that was the quickest sale she had ever made and she was still dubious that I could wear that size. I shocked the crowd by going to the rear of the bus and trying on the dress as I figured I could make an exchange when we returned through this town later in the afternoon. It was a perfect fix and I wore it much while in the cold Scandinavia countries.

The same afternoon we continued to Stratford on Avon, visiting Shakespeare's birthplace, Ann Hathaway's cottage and Holy Trinity Church, returning to London for dinner.

When on the trip in 1967, I did not believe that I could ever feast my eyes on as pretty flower beds and rose gardens as I saw in Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia. I believe the flowers, especially, the rose gardens, were the prettiest and

most colorful I have ever seen! Instead of having grass growing in the front yards of their homes or around the apartment buildings, they had flowers planted and they were at their height of beauty while we were there. One thing for sure - I know they have ample moisture.

On Tuesday morning, still raining, we left at 9 o'clock for another sight-seeing tour which included New Oxford Street, Marble Arch, Picadilly Circut, Pall Mall, Buckingham Palace, Viewing Change of Guard, Westminister Cathedral, Knightsbridge, South Kensington Museum, Chelsa Barracks, Lambeth Bridge, Westminister Bridge, House of Pariliament, Westminister Abbey and Whiteall, all of which were most interesting.

We were at leisure during the afternoon with lunch on our own and time to shop. One member of our party bedecked her finger with a one-caret diamond ring and had a silver service mailed to her home.

We were aware of the fact that automobiles and other vehicles were driven on the left side of the road in British countries, but we did not realize that it would be frightening to us as passengers. I thought surely we would have head-on collisions many times and then realized that all would be well if each motorist would stick to the left lane. Bicycles were most evident throughout our entire trip, especially in the low countries where there were no hills. As a safety precaution, a special lane was built for this mode of travel, running parallel with the highways and many city streets. There were bicycles built for two, three or more. It was interesting sometimes to see a family--father, mother and children--traveling on an elongated bicycle. They can save considerable money by this mode of transportation as we were told that gasoline in these countries is extremely high in comparison to our prices. We saw many ESSO, Shell, Gulf and other familiar oil and gas stations doing business in the countries we visited.

It was most amusing to read the signs and slogans over places of business while traveling through the cities and country. I shall list some of these and possibly you would get a kick!

Car Surgery-a garage, Slumberland-a place were beds were sold; Washateria-a laundrymat, Calories Galore-a bakery shop; Duel Carriageway-four-lane highway, Bring and Buy Shop-a pawn shop; Adam and Eve-men and women rest rooms, Hair Care Salon-beauty shop; Bag O' Nails-saloon, Eye Sea Shop-beachware store; Hook, Line and Sinker-fishing equipment store, Slimming Clinic-reducing salon; Pill Box-drug store, Pre-natal Nook-infants' clothes; No Overtaking-no passing, Lilly, The Artistic Florist-Florist Shop; Soft-Is-frozen custard. In many of the countries PINK STAMPS were given instead of GREEN STAMPS.

Some of the 'catchy' slogans were - "Simple Soap for Troubled Skins", "Love at First Flight"; BOAC Airline slogan--"Don't Retire Tired Tires, Re-Tread 'Em, and "We Do Everything But Tie The Knot," sign over Bride's Apparel Shop.

A LITTLE ABOUT LONDON

London, the capital of Great Britian, is one of the largest cities in the world with a population of over eight million people, nearly as many as in the whole of Australia. The hard core of the area, known as "Greater London", has nearly five million inhabitants and the remaining three million live in the suburbs which merge into each other for miles and miles along the roads and railway lines radiating from the capital.

We found the people to be friendly but very matter-of-fact and seemingly always in a hurry. They speak Oxford English very rapidly which was difficult for me to understand. We relished the food less in London than any place we visited. One morning while there, our breakfast was sent to our room the night before at 9 o'clock. On each of our trays was placed two half slices of bread, one topped with dry cheese and the other with limp lettuce and over-ripe slices of tomato. On the tray was a small thermos bottle of coffee. I decided this was the opportune time to diet!

This metropolitan city is bewildering for foreigners at first, but the centers of interest for tourists, such as museums, embassies, large stores, theatres and etc., are located in a relatively small district so that sight-seeing is no more difficult than in most other capital cities.

In 1666 the great fire of London almost destroyed the entire city. Sir Christopher Wren, Architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, replanned the city and did his utmost to get the plan adopted. But he and his friends were unsuccessful: the new buildings went up along the same old crooked streets dating back to the Middle Ages, and to this day the city is still largely unplanned as it was before the fire.

Approximately half of the population in this country belongs to The Church of England, which is noted for its tolerance and variety of ritual. There are also a number of other religious communities: Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Christian Science, Episcopalians, Quakers and others.

Education in English schools lay stress less on examinations and their results than on the combination of a sound education with good health and common sense. Sports play an important part in school life. School is compulsory up to the age of 15 years.

London night clubs in the Latin Quarter, are noted for their outstanding floor shows which feature top stars with superb costuming, comparable to the best on the Continent.

London is a favorite city for shoppers. Fine woolens and cashmere knitwear may be bought at reasonable prices. Burlington Arcade on 51 Piccadilly St. is the place where celebrities and members of The Royal Family are seen shopping. There are many stores which specialize in weatherproof apparel for the entire family. I feel sure stock in these stores would pay good dividends as they do a thriving business. An umbrella and a "London Fog" rain coat are a must in this city.

Petticoat Lane, an open-air market on Middlesex Street, is open for business each Sunday morning. The shoppers there are warned to "beware of pickpockets."

Britian justly boasts of many famous personalities. Listed below are some of these: William Shakespeare, poet; Walter Scott, novelist; Francis Bacon, philosopher; John Bunyan, Puritan preacher who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress"; John Constable, famous landscape painter; Charles Darwin, biologist and author of "The Origin of Species"; Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe"; Charles Dickens, Victorian Novelist; Sir Alexander Fleming, scientist who

discovered PENICILLIN; John Keats, Romantic Poet; Rudyard Kipling, author; David Livingstone, missionary, doctor and explorer; John Milton, poet who wrote "Paradise Lost"; Florence Nightingale, famous nurse; George Bernard Shaw, dramatist; Alfred Tennyson, Victorian Poet; Oscar Wilde, playwright; William Wadsworth, poet; and Christopher Wren, architect. Not a one of us will ever forget the issustrious Sir Winston Churchill, a renowned statesman.

It was while we were in London that Judy Garland, actress and T.V. star, died unexpectedly in this city. Her pictures were spread across the front pages of newspapers and much publicity given her on television.

In an exclusive Lady's Dress Shop window in London, I read this 'catchy' little axiom: "Losing one glove is certainly painful, but nothing compared to the pain of losing one, throwing the other away and finding the first one again"!

BRUSSELS BELGIUM

After having dinner at the airport, we departed London at 7:50 P.M. on the evening of June 25 and arrived in Brussels at 8:45 P.M. We cleared customs quickly and were transferred to The Hotel Plaza, in the heart of the city. We later window-shopped and had refreshments at a side-walk cafe.

While on the 1967 trip "Behind The Iron Curtain," to which I have referred, I met a Mr. Walter A. Mooromsky, exhibitor for Levi-Strauss & Company, and who traveled with the United States throughout the three countries. Mr. Mooromsky is European General Manager for this world renowned Company, with headquarters in Brussels. He is of Russian descent and speaks this and many other languages fluently. He was of much assistance to me on this trip after Irwin Freydberg returned to the United States, giving me good advice when decisions were to be made. We had corresponded since our trip and when I learned that I would be in Brussels, I wrote to him. He replied promptly, giving me his business and home telephone numbers, and inviting me to his home. On the night of my arrival, I called and talked with his wife and she told me Walter was out of town

but would return the next night and contact me. She was most hospitable.

On our late return to the hotel the following night, I was told that Mr. Mooromsky had been to the hotel. I called his home the next morning and found out that he was en route to the hotel to take me out to breakfast. Our group was leaving within minutes for NATO where we would have a picture made for "The Virginia Club Woman" magazine. Again I missed him! When we returned from the tour at noon, his secretary was calling me and wanted to know if she could carry me out for lunch and go shopping that her boss had been called to Antwerp. I told her time would not permit. She called Walter in Antwerp and we did get to talk. He told me that he expected to be moved to the U.S.A. soon but did not know just where. We agreed that we regretted that our busy schedules did not permit us to renew our friendship in Brussels.

On our first day there we took an all-day excursion trip which carried us to Ghent, with its beautiful houses, imposing Castle of the Counts, and the Cathedral of St. Bavon, viewing one of the world's greatest paintings, Van Eyck's "Adoration of The Holy Lamb."

We had lunch at the Dauphin Restaurant and continued on to the lovely medieval City of Bruges, viewing the Belfry, Town Hall, Court of Justice, Holy Saviour's Cathedral and Memling Museum.

On Thursday we toured the city which included Market Square with Town Hall and Guildhouses, Mannekin Fountain, Palace of Justice, Petit Sablin Square, Arch, Column of Congress, Unknown Soldier's Grave, Cathedral of St. Michael and NATO Headquarters.

We ate lunch at the Brussels' airport before taking off for Amsterdam at 3:15 P.M.

Belgium, with a population of nine million, is the most densely populated country in Europe. Brussels, the capital, has a population of 1,250,000 and is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. It is the center of the country's banking and commercial activities.

Practically all of the inhibitants are Roman Catholics but there are churches of almost every denomination. They make a great deal of their churches and take advantage of every occasion to arrange festivals and religious processions.

The production of lace is an ancient craft which has brought Belgium and especially Brussels, world-wide fame. Lace is still hand made and in Bruges, old women sit outside their front doors making one design after another.

The glass industry is also important as is the copper industry.

In 1949 Belgium joined NATO and in 1950 Leopold III abdicated in favor of his son, Baudouin, the present King.

Colonel John Eisenhower, son of our late President Eisenhower, is now serving as United States Ambassador to Belgium.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Shortly after our arrival in Amsterdam at 3:50 P.M. we were checking in Esso Motor Hotel, new and ultra modern.

A popular song in Holland says - "There is no city anywhere that is equal to Amsterdam." During the past several hundred years, this city has developed from a humble fisherman's home into an impressive metropolis, an important traffic junction, and a thriving city of trade and culture. With it's 872,000 inhabitants, Amsterdam is Holland's largest city, encircled by fifty picturesque canals.

Mr. Brown, our conductor, secured tickets for our group to take a two-hour sight seeing boat trip on our first evening there. Weatherwise, the evening was perfect for such an excursion and our guide, who possessed a keen sense of humor, kept us laughing with his side remarks while we cruised from canal to canal and under many bridges. We saw a wealth of historic monuments, imposing churches, palatial medieval mansions and other interesting places.

Early on Friday morning we visited the Flower Auction at Aalsmeer. We could hardly believe our eyes! In this huge warehouse there were carts of the most beautiful and colorful variety of cut flowers, roses, predominating. We were allowed to watch the brokers

bid on these flowers, 20 to the bunch. They were bought and trucked immediately to the nearby airport where they were flown to cities all over the world. We were told that some of these same flowers would be sold in New York City and other cities the same evening. We were allowed to purchase Sweetheart Roses for sixty cents per bunch.

Before leaving for lunch at Brinkman's Restaurant, we were carried through the Reclamation Museum, Frans Hals Museum and St. Bevo Cathedral at Haarlem.

During the afternoon we visited The Edam Cheese Center where many of our party purchased cheese and had it shipped to their homes. We later went to Volendam and saw men, women and children dressed in the native costumes. The famous Dutch Clogs were on sale here, either to wear or as souvenirs. Before leaving Holland, Emma and Jane fitted themselves out in these Dutch style shoes.

The diamond industry has always had an important place in Amsterdam. Visitors have the opportunity to see the cutting and polishing of diamonds, without charge. We were told that we could get terrific bargains there but to buy from the oldest and most respected gem merchants.

On the spur of the moment and without premeditation, I did purchase a 'tricky' diamond ring with a combination of sapphires and rubies. It was bought at a reputable place, The Koster Diamond Co., and I was given a guarantee along with sales slip. We were told that the Royal Family patronized this same Company and had their jewels polished there. Incidentally, they accepted my personal check, much to my surprise!

On Saturday morning we saw The Old and New City, the Queen's Palace, Mint Tower, Concert Hall, Municipal Museum, Rembrandt's House, Rijks Museum, Skinny Bridge, Portuguese Synagogue and Weeping Tower.

It is impossible to be in Holland for even a brief time without noticing how fond of music and singing the Dutch are. There are a number of excellent orchestras throughout the country, among which is the world famous Concertgebouw Orchestra with its own concert hall in Amsterdam.

A large number of the country's inhabitants belong to the Reformed Church and the Catholic Church. Others are protestants and 18 per cent without religion.

We found the people in this country to be most friendly, and cooperative, which is quite meaningful to tourists.

In the middle ages and right down to recent times, the pumping of water in Holland was done by countless windmills. About 1,000 windmills are still standing but approximately 8,000 have disappared. They were replaced by steampower in the 19th. Century but now electricity is being used.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

It was in late afternoon, Saturday, June 28, when we landed in "Wonderful Copenhagen," the charming capital of Denmark, as described by its more than one million inhabitants. Copenhagen is one of Europe's oldest capitals and Denmark is one of the oldest kingdoms in the world.

Tourists here are always delighted with the friendliness and gaiety of the Danes, delicious and over abundant food, and masses of bicycles.

It was in this city on our arrival at The Imperial Hotel that Mr. and Mrs. David B. Beckwitt, of Lubeck, West Germany, joined our party. This couple is the son-in-law and daughter of Mrs. Robert F. Fowler of Virginia Beach, who was a member of our group. Mrs. Fowler (Virginia) had arranged for the Beckwitts to join us when she booked her trip with Travelmasters. David and Jeanne came to Germany three years ago to take their doctorate in Music. When they first arrived there they took the Berlitz Course, learning 100 German words each day. They lived in a German home, speaking the language daily.

They first began work for the Fleusburg Opera Company, David singing Bass roles, and Jeanne working in the chorus. A year later they moved to a larger theatre in Lubeck, where David did many humorous roles and filled the Bass roles required, and Jeanne progressing with her parts.

David and Jeanne (thirtyish) were a most attractive and handsome couple and captivated the entire party. The addition of the Beckwitts forced Parker to learn to

count to "twenty-seven" until they left our party when we concluded our stay in Bergen.

I received a letter from Jeanne this week and they have moved to The Rhine Land, Wuppertal, West Germany. In part she wrote: "We are almost happier here than anywhere else. This is due to the fact that our new apartment is not only modern but just plain exquisite! On account of the angular design of the building we feel complete privacy, including on our balcony where we eat all of our meals."

I shall look forward to seeing this young couple on their return to the States with 'Mission Accomplished.'

The Smorgasbord meal was originated in Denmark. On the evening of our arrival we were served such a dinner, during which we were entertained by orchestra music, featuring a soloist and violinist. Some of our party enjoyed dancing afterwards.

Later many of us walked to the world famous Tivoli Gardens, which is opened from May through September. You might call it an amusement park but it is much more. The natives say that Tivoli has an atmosphere of its own and a charm which delights the visitor. With its illuminated fountains, buildings decorated with multi-colored lamps, an abundance of beautiful flowers, an idyllic lake and music everywhere, Tivoli approaches everybody's conception of how fairyland ought to look.

It offers entertainment of all kinds; theatres, a concert hall, several bandstands, ballet, cabarets, an open-air stage with an excellent variety program, dancing hall, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, games of change and TWENTY restaurants. On Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday nights breath-taking firewords conclude the program, lending the city color and light for miles and miles around.

It was at Tivoli that we saw and talked with many U. S. Sailors. They seemed as delighted to see us as we were to see them. Some were walking around alone and looked lonesome while others were having a gay time with the Danish girls.

On Sunday morning we proceeded on al all-day excursion through the Danish countryside to North Zealand with visits to Fredericksburg Castle, Hillerod and Kronborg (famed as Elsinore in Shakespeare's Hamlet).

Monday was spent visiting the Glypotek Museum, Christianborg Palace, the World Famous Fish Market, Amelienborg Palace, Royal Theatre, Stock Exchange and The Little Mermaid, which was inspired by Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tale. This city was Anderson's birthplace.

The afternoon was spent browsing through the stores and shopping. Beautiful modern Danish silver, porcelain and glassware were most popular but the problem of getting them home prevented us from buying much. One of the most popular figurines is the "Little Mermaid." I purchased a number of key rings featuring the Mermaid.

While on one of our tours, the guide pointed out to us a "Seventh Day Adventist Hospital," where people enter primarily to reduce their poundage. A part of the treatment is to be placed on a very ridid diet, 90 per cent of which is vegetables of little calorie value. In the meantime they secretly go to restaurants and order chops. This causes the personnel of the hospital to wonder why their treatment is not effective.

We were told that many Danish people come to America and make their fortunes and return to Denmark to construct their lavish homes and villas.

Our alert conductor, Parker, while examining our passports saw that Mrs. Richard B. Sherman of Annandale would celebrate her birthday on June 30th. On the "QT" he arranged a birthday party for Etta Mae which she declared she would never forget! We had a private dining room at our hotel. Silver candelabras with tall white candles and three arrangements of mid-summer flowers decorated the long table. A dinner with choices of delectable foods was served in courses, with a candle birthday cake and ice cream to top it off! We made a brave attempt to sing "Happy Birthday" to Etta Mae, but some of us at that point were "too full for words."

We departed Copenhagen in the late afternoon of July 1 arriving in Stockholm at 4:15 P.M.

On July 1st. the Investure of Charles as Prince of Wales took place. The newspapers were filled with pictures of the ceremonies and the Royal Family. The

Royal Day newspaper stated:

> "Charles placed his hands between his mother's palms and said: 'I, Charles, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb'... and he knelt as the Queen gently placed the gem-encrusted coronet of gold on his head."

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

Our reservations were made at Hotel Continental, which was a 45 minute ride from the airport. It was pouring down rain and we learned this was the first in 40 days and it was drastically needed. This capital city has slightly over one million people. It was situated beautifully, built on 12 islands, a part of the Baltic Sea. These islands are linked together by bridges.

It is estimated that 54 per cent of Sweden is covered by forests with paper and timer as their chief products. The majority of the houses and barns through the country are red.

This country has not been involved in a war for over 150 years, always remaining neutral.

Socially, Sweden is considered one of the most advanced countries in Europe. Everyone seemed to be well dressed. They have a larger car per family ratio than other European countries.

The hotels are noted for their cleanliness and excellent service, with many of the staff speaking English and other languages. You may eat "a la carte" but we were advised to try the famous Swedish Smorgasbord luncheons and dinners. You have heard of tables "groaning" under the weight of a large assortment of hot and cold foods! Well, we saw it in this hotel! This table of food turned out to be the Hors d'oeuvres and the main course came later!

There are many fine stores in Stockholm which offer to ship anything you wish to buy to anywhere in the world. Offered for sale is famous Swedish glassware, stainless steel, pewter articles and silverware. Men's and women's wear are smart and of excellent quality. There are many up-to-date furniture shops.

The religion of the Swedish people is largely Lutheran Protestantism.

Eugene Crumpler's birthday fell on July 1, the same evening we arrived in Stockholm. Parker could not arrange a big party for him due to our late arrival. The table at which Gene and Helen, his wife, were seated was served ice cream and cake at the end of the meal and again we sang "Happy Birthday". I happened to be one of the eight who shared a table with the Crumplers.

We spent Wednesday morning, July 2nd., seeing the City Hall, Riddarholm Church, Old Town, Royal Palace and Millesgaden Sculpture Park. We had lunch on our own and had a choice of shopping during the afternoon or taking a motorboat cruise through the archipelago of 13 islands. At this point, I had cruised, toured and "motorboated" and seen so much that I was willing to stay at the hotel and just plain-long REST!

A very early breakfast was served Thursday morning and we were ready for transport to the airport at 6:30 A.M. After going through the usual red-tape at the airport, we took off at 8:10 A.M. and arrived in Oslo, Norway at 9 o'clock, July 3rd. On our arrival at the KNA Hotel, the United States flag was flying high in anticipation of our arrival.

OSLO, NORWAY

Oslo, the capital of Norway, boasts of almost a half million inhabitants. With the country's magnificant scenery and many attractions, Norway is becoming increasingly popular amongst tourists.

The most important of all Norwegian sports is skiing. The annual skiing event is the HOLMENKOLLEN competition which takes place on one of the Sunday's in March and draws more than 100,000 spectators. They watch the great skiers from all over the world perform from the famous "Horse Shoe." During the bathing season this giant "Horse Shoe" is converted into a giant swimming pool.

Hand knit sweaters, cardigans, gloves and stockings can be found in a variety of patterns. These are quite popular for the "Skiing tourists". Tapestry weaving was an art in the Viking Age. Mink plays an important part in the Norwegian fur trade.

On our first morning we walked to the shopping center near our hotel. It was a beautiful bright sunshiny day and everyone seemed to be going somewhere FAST! They were never in too big of a hurry to stop and attempt to understand us and give us information.

At 2:30 in the afternoon a tour included the new City Hall, Oslo Cathedral, New Munch Museum, Vigelund Sculptures at Frogner Park, the University, Royal Palace and Parliament.

On the morning of July 4th, after finally locating some U. S. flags to wear on this patriotic day, we were advised not to wear them on the streets as a demonstration would take place that day against the U.S.A. for their part in the Viet Nam War. We saw nothing and heard no more about it.

Gene and Helen Crumpler, Kilburney and I took a two hour boat trip about the port and saw Oslo from the water. We enjoyed a bag of shrimp while cruising. The water became very rough before our return and the wind was terrific.

The afternoon tour included a drive past Akerhus fortress to visit the open air Norwegian Folk Museum, original viking ships, Polar Exploration ship "Flam," and Kon Tiki balso rafts. I felt as if I were taking a cold and did not take this tour but rested at the hotel. Later that evening Manning and Kathleen Woodward of Louisa, Kilburney and I secured tickets and went by taxi to the Norwegian Folk Museum for a program and dinner. We stayed through the program but reneged on the dinner as the food was of "the primitive days" and did not look very appetizing. I recognized some roasted reindeer on the table which looked as if it had been prepared a week in advance. It was a gala affair--the folk music was being played outside and natives dressed in their colorful costumes were dancing gayly.

We departed Oslo on Saturday morning, July 5, and began a three-day beautiful fjord trip by motorcoach via Sollihogda Pass through Bregna Valley to Fagernes, on lovely Strandfjord Lake. We ascended the Jotunheimen mountain area to Lake Tyin, with superb views of this wild mountain countryside. We spent the night at Hoyfjellshotell, 3,500 feet above sea level. The hotel was palatial and spacious.

We had a number of "photographers" in our group and they were kept busy snapping pictures of the gorgeous views.

I have never seen and never expect to see as many sheep as we saw on this motor trip! There were few fences to keep them within the pastures. There were high hills in the pastures which were caused by volcanic eruptions millions of years ago. Our guide said it was a sure sign of good weather when the sheep climbed to the top of the hills.

On Sunday morning we continued our trip, boarding a ferry to proceed through the beautiful Sognefjord, with huge bastions of sheer rock, snow capped peaks and "forgotten villages" hidden among the dark forests. Lunch was served on the ferry and upon debarcation at Gudvangen, we proceeded to Stalheim where we stayed over night.

I honestly believe that had I known we were to take this dangerous motor trip over this NARROW mountain road with "hair-pin bends" as they were called, I would have left the party and headed for home from Oslo. Others admitted that they were terribly frightened after our safe arrival at the Stalheim Hotel, but I carried on ridiculously! I screamed and tried to crawl under the seat. When I would look out and see a drop of thousands of feet with our bus wheels right on the edge of the road, my heart would sink. I did read in the paper the following day an account of one bus driving over the edge and the driver and fourteen passengers were killed. Never again!!

On Monday morning we continued along the Sorfjord to Bergen, Norway and stayed at the Norge Hotel for two nights.

Bergen is the second largest city in Norway and the flower beds throughout the city were breath-taking as they were in every city we visited. I have never seen such prolific geraniums. Baskets of them were hanging on the light poles in the city.

Tennis is the leading sport in Bergen. Golf and swimming are popular as well as mountain hikes.

Beautiful enameled jewelery and rose-painted fruit and nut bowls are featured in the gift shops.

On Tuesday morning we were carried along the city quays and visited museums and the Maria Church. We had lunch on our own after which we visited a typical Norwegian farm.

David and Jeanne left our group on the morning of July 9th, to return to Copenhagen to pick up their car and travel to Germany. We hated to say "goodbye" to this attractive couple and will be looking forward to seeing them in the U.S.A.

The long daylight hours of the Scandinavian summer make possible the pleasure of spending the evenings out-of-doors. Outdoor concerts are held in parks without artificial lighting.

The fact that there were only a few hours of darkness each night baffled us. It was hard to sleep unless the shades were drawn. Often at 11 o'clock at night and after it was still light. After 2 or 3 hours of darkness around midnight, it began to get light again.

The situation is exactly in reverse in the winter, with darkness prevailing. It is necessary to keep street lights burning day and night as well as the lights in the homes during the winter.

I believe I like our NIGHT and DAY better, don't you?

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

The same afternoon we flew to London to change planes en route to Edinburgh, capital of Scotland, to arrive there at 9:30 P.M. The few minutes we were in London, I called and talked with Hana. She invited me to return to London and visit; and I may just do that some day!

We were met at the airport by our Globus bus and guide, who was dressed in colorful kilts. He was "short, fat and jolly" and reminded me of Santa.

It required an hour by motor bus to reach the beautiful Gleneagles resort hotel, north of the capital city. This was the most beautiful and "swankiest" reservations we had during our trip. It was comparable to the CASTLES which we had visited. We enjoyed spacious rooms and hallways with luxurious carpeting and antique furnishings. The dining,

drawing and entertainment rooms were warm and inviting. The grounds of many acres were darted with flower plots.

The guest list included many golfers who were there to enjoy this game near the spot, St. Andrews, where gold was FIRST played.

We were warned to never make the mistake of calling a Scot an Englishman! The Scots' national consciousness is not just a myth; it is a day-to-day reality.

Our hotel was located in the Southern Uplands; to the west lies the "Burns Country", where the poet lived and worked, and the east, the "Scott Country" where Scotland's other great poet and novelist lived, Sir Walter Scott.

Our guide related to us the tragedy of Mary Stuart (Mary Queen of Scots). Read it! Space does not permit me to print it here.

The Church of Scotland has very little in common with the Church of England. Their church is Presbyterian, a church without Bishops. There are numerous other churches there, including the Catholic and Episcopal churches.

On Thursday, July 10, we took an all day excursion, driving for miles and miles over the hills of Scotland and saw thousands of grazing sheep. Our guide asked us which ate the most, the white or the black sheep? There was no immediate answer and he said, "the white sheep because there are more of 'em."

We drove through the Sir Walter Scott Country and visited Abbotsford, Melrose and Dryburgh Abbey. We were told that we were seeing some of the finest views in the world and we did not doubt it. We crossed the Tweed River, near the home of Scott's grandfather..

We proceeded to Edinburgh on Friday for our final sight-seeing tour. En route there we passed through a small town where I spied a sign - "J. R. Lawson, Men's Clothing Store." Had it been possible, I would like to have stopped and introduced myself as "Mrs J. R. Lawson," and found out if The Lawsons had a "little Scotch" in 'em. I feel sure they do!

In Edinburgh with a population of one-half million, we visited the Edinburgh Castle, the Royal Scottish Academy, the National Gallery, St. Giles Church, the Queen's Official Residence and the State Apartments.

So many of us had waited to shop in Scotland as we were told there were excellent shops with fair prices there. Some of our party were pleased with the merchandise and many purchases were made.

We had many packages mailed home from the stores but still we had accumulated too much to carry in our bags. I had bought a powder-blue cape in Norway which was too bulky to pack in my bag. I secured a box at the hotel and packed it with clothes and mailed it home (postage - $8.95) and to my surprise it arrived within three weeks after my return.

We left beautiful Gleneagles Saturday morning for Glasgow, Scotland, where we would fly from Prestwick Airport at 1:20 P.M. to arrive at Kennedy Airport, New York City, at 3:30 P.M., this timing possible because of turning our watches back five hours before arriving in New York.

When we reached Kennedy Airport we were unable to land as a terrific electrical storm was raging. We kept circling the city and were told at one time that it was possible that we would have to land in Boston or Montreal, Canada. Soon the storm subsided and we landed safely.

We spent more time clearing customs in New York than any country we visited. We rushed to National Airlines terminal where Parker counted to TWENTY-FIVE for his last time. We arrived in Washington at 7:00 P.M. in a drenching rain. We bid each other good-bye and left for our homes throughout the State, hoping that some day Parker would again count to "TWENTY-FIVE" on a similar mission.

I was met at the airport by my grandson, Tommy Lawson, and was very happy, when after a long day I turned back my very own bed at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning and crawled in after kneeling to say a prayer of thanks to Him for a safe and wonderful trip.

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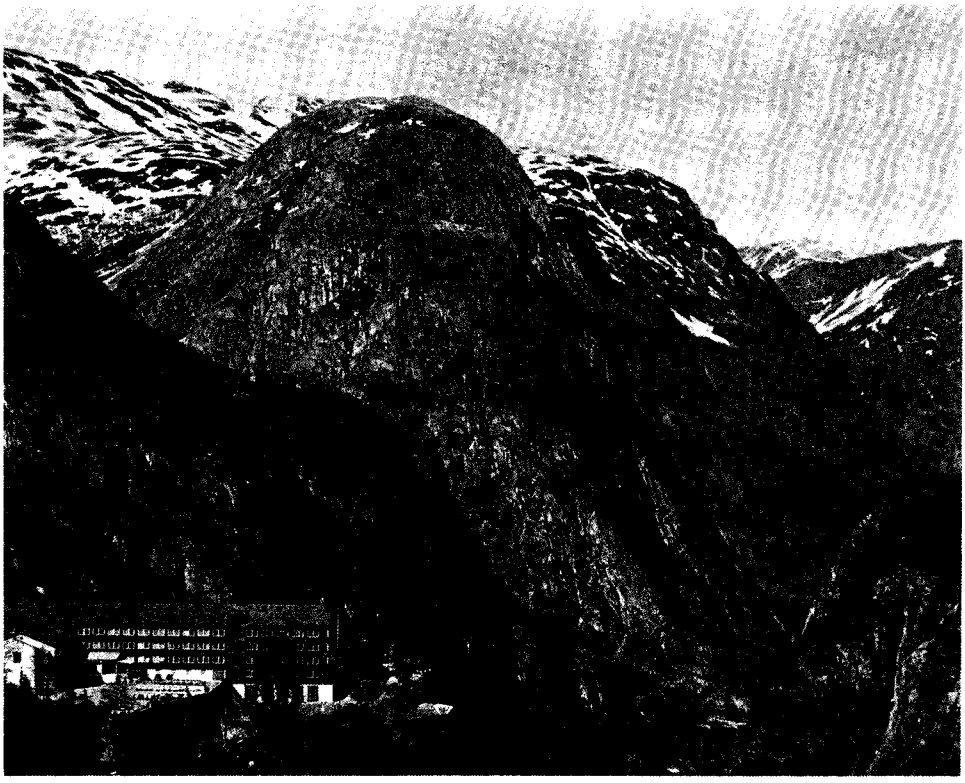
Other members of our party who I have not mentioned in this account of the trip were: Mrs. H. T. Davis, Manassas; Mrs. John Ruff, Vienna; and Mrs. W. A. Chambers of Arvonia;

all of whom are retired Postmasters; Mrs. Pauline Baldwin, Farmville; Mrs. Edith G. Newton, Powhatan; Mrs. J. K. Peters, Mrs. Charles W. Gilmore, and Mrs. Frank Rodriguez, all of Pocahontas; Mrs. J. R. Darden, Holland; Mrs. G. H. Vogel, Hudgins; Mrs. Wayne A. Klemp, Annandale; Mrs. Robert G. Spratley, Petersburg; Mrs. Early T. Terrell, Richmond; and Mrs. A. B. Thomas, Arlington.

A recent letter from Jane Peery, VFWC President, says that she is planning a luncheon in Richmond for our group in October, the date to be announced later. Those who took pictures and slides will bring them and we will get to re-live some of our happy experiences!

P.S. Mary Jane, I missed you on this trip! R.F.L.

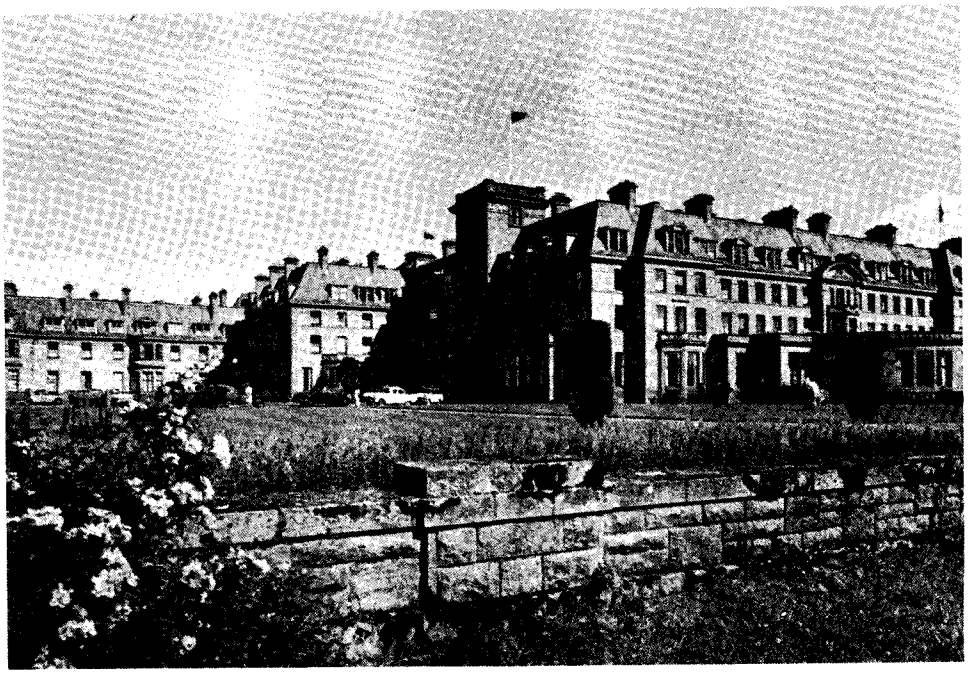
Some of our group at The United Nations Building in Brussels, Belgium.



The Stalheim Hotel, Norway, where our party spent the night of July, 6th. After arriving there, we felt as if we were on "Top of the World."

The famous MERMAID in Coppenhagen Denmark Center- Mrs. Charles H. Perry, Jr.,Pres-V.F.W.C. and Mr. and Mrs. E. Parker Brown.

Jean Beckwitt, of Germany, her mother, Mrs. Virginia Fowler of Virginia Beach, Mrs. Kathleen Woodward of Louisa, myself, and Mrs. Kilburney Holt of Lynchburg - picture taken at the fountain in Frogner Park, Oslo, Norway.



Gleneagles Hotel, near Edinburgh, Scotland,
Where our party departed from for home on July, 13th.

Shown here is our guide in Scotland, dressed in kilts, standing by "Yours Truly." I'm wearing the woolen dress (size 50) which I bought so hastily in England.

H. Manning Woodward of Louisa, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Parker Brown of Richmond. Mr. Brown was our Trip Conductor

A table laden with food in Stockholm, Sweden.